THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 23, 1792.

An Authentic Account of the State of Society in which the Natives of Africa live, in Cayor, Sin, and Sallum; three Countries extending along the Shore from the Mouth of the River Gambia to that of the Senegal.

(*Continued from Page* 389.)

MR. CLARKSON having divided the occupations of the inhabitants of Cayor, Sin, and Sallum into what he terms ſtationary and itinerant, and having particularly deſcribed the former, proceeds to conſider the latter.

What may be called the itinerant employments may be divided into two kinds, namely, into ſuch as are exerciſed by the natives or by foreigners.—Of thoſe of the firſt deſcription may be conſidered the occupation of working in gold. People, free men, who exerciſe the profeſſion of goldſmiths, are found in the courts of the Kings, where they principally get their bread. When the Kings have done with them (for they do not employ them the whole year round) they go about the villages, and work for ſuch as can afford to pay them. Their work is exceedingly neat, and is often as good as is found among the Europeans in the ſame line. Their profeſſion, however, is a totally diſtinct one, for they neither cultivate land, nor meddle with any other trade.

A ſecond itinerant occupation is that of ſmiths. There are two or three people in every village, who make the iron in the implements of huſbandry, and alſo the heads of lances and ſpears, as well as ornaments in copper, for ſuch as pleaſe to em-

ploy them. These are free people, and are never assisted by slaves; there being but few in this country, as was said before, and these being rather the appendages of luxury, than the instruments of labour. These people stay perhaps a year or two in a village, and then go to another. They have no land, for they have no time to cultivate it. Were they to choose to divide their time between agriculture and their profession, they might have as much of it as they pleased, for there are thousands of acres to spare.

A third itinerant employment, which is exercised as a trade, is that of dying. The secret of dying in these countries is in the possession of the women alone, nor is it in every village that it is known. There are only a few villages in which these dyers are to be found. They of course go about the country from village to village, and perform the different commissions, which the inhabitants may have for them in that line.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth itinerant employments, of which Mr. Clarkson proceeds to speak, are not separately pursued by individuals, like the preceding, but undertaken and held together; so that he, who professes any one of them, professes all of them jointly as a trade. The natives, who are brought up to these joint employments, are called Gueriotts in their own tongue. The first of their occupations is that of becoming drum-beaters or comedians to the King. They may be considered as a sort of strolling players. When the Kings do not employ them in this line, they try to gain their subsistence from the people. To amuse the latter, they beat their drums, talk nonsense, rehearse the feasts of their ancestors, call them brave fellows, and, in short, do what is done by the same description of people in Europe. When, however, the Kings nor the people have any employments for them, in this line, they support themselves by their two other occupations. The first of these is that of working in cotton. For this purpose they always travel with their looms, which are short, light, and portable. The art of making cloth is almost wholly in their hands, and is so well executed, that no European cloth is better fabricated. The second of their occupations is that of working in leather. Of this they make scabbards for knives, daggers, and swords, small saddles, pouches, sandals, grigris, (a sort of ornament, which the natives wear as a charm, or protection against injury or mischief,) and other articles. Following these employments they travel from village to village.

A seventh itinerant occupation is that of conjurers. Those, who follow it, ramble up and down, like the Gueriotts, sel-

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dom or ever ſtaying more than four or five days in a place.— On coming into a village, they are frequently ſent for to amuſe the Gueraff, as well as the King, if he ſhould be then reſident in it. If, beſides playing before theſe, they can get into the houſe of a man of condition to ſhew their tricks, ſo much the better, for they are better paid. If not, they get as many of the people together as they can. They then exhibit their art. It conſiſts of ſlight of hand with balls, knives, and ſuch other things as are beſt adapted to their deſign. Two only of theſe conjurers travel or exhibit their profeſſion together. When the exhibition is over, a collection is made, when the ſpectators contribute cloth, and other articles in return for the diverſion afforded them.

It is from theſe conjurers that the notion of witchcraft, or that there are perſons in every village capable of being acceſſary to the death of others, by ſecret means, may be conſidered as kept up. For the people behold theſe conjurers with ſurpriſe; they conſider them as doing ſupernatural things; and as they ſee no reaſon why they ſhould not be capable of communicating their art, they believe on certain occaſions that there are wizards in their own villages.

It may not be improper to mention here, that the occupation of a conjurer is ſometimes attended with bad conſequences to its followers. It has happened that they have been accuſed of witchcraft and ſold. Such inſtances, however, are but rare; for there is not an equal number of inducements to accuſe theſe as other people, moſt of them being crooked, lame, blind of an eye, or ſuch as have ſome bodily defect, ſo that very little emolument is to be derived from the ſale of them.

Having thus deſcribed ſome of the itinerant employments which are exerciſed by the inhabitants of Sallum, Sin, and Cayor, Mr. Clarkſon juſt ſpeaks of one of the ſame deſcription, which is exerciſed by foreigners. This is the manufacturing of wood.—In the empire of Oualoff there are certain people who inhabit the foreſts, and are known by the name of Laobés. Theſe Laobés employ themſelves in their own country in making peſtles, mortars, and every ſort of wooden inſtrument that is in uſe either in Sallum, Sin, or Cayor: So that almoſt every wooden utenſil to be ſeen there is of their manufacture. When they have made a quantity, they ſend them away under the care of a party of their own people. Theſe have the patience to carry them in large bundles upon their heads, and to travel with them in this manner for many days. When they have diſpoſed of them, they return into the woods of Oualoff,

carrying back to their countrymen ſuch commodities as they have received in exchange.

Theſe then are ſome of the occupations, both ſtationary and itinerant, exerciſed in theſe countries, by means of which each perſon is enabled to obtain his reſpective wants. The Gueriott, for inſtance, can always furniſh himſelf with clothes, but having no land, he is obliged to derive part of his ſubſiſtence, from the occupation of drum-beater or comedian to the King. For another part of it he has recourſe to the huſbandman, who gives him a quantity of millet for working his crop of cotton into cloth. The huſbandman is thus ſupplied with raiment, ſufficient for himſelf, and with an overplus for trade; but as he muſt have fiſh, (for this is deemed a neceſſary part of his ſuſtenance,) he has recourſe, in his turn, to the inhabitant of the ſhore. The inhabitant of the ſhore, beſides following the occupation of a fiſherman, cultivates, as was ſaid before, his own millet, but he has often no time for the planting of cotton for his clothes. For his fiſh then he receives the overplus of the huſbandman's cloth juſt mentioned. The ſmith, on the other hand, having no land, and but one occupation, muſt be in want of millet, fiſh, and clothes. Theſe he gets from the former three in exchange for his ſpears, and inſtruments of agriculture in iron.

Thus a great deal of buſineſs is tranſacted by means of barter, both in the vicinity of the ſhore, and in the interior parts. There is a frequent communication between the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages for this purpoſe, each offering for ſale that which he poſſeſſes to procure that which he wants. In Sallum, many articles of merchandize are carried up and down the country in boats, for there are many rivers there. In Sin, where the ſame advantages are not to be found, many of them are carried upon aſſes; and in Cayor, upon aſſes alſo, till you come near the mouth of the Senegal, where oxen are in uſe. Numbers, however, of the natives travel with large bundles of merchandize on their heads, and their perſeverance upon theſe occaſions is aſtoniſhing, for they not only diſregard the weight of them, but with this weight, enormous as it frequently is, they will travel ſix French leagues in the courſe of a ſingle day.

(To be continued.)

A Method to preſerve Cabbages.

THE following is recommended in the Journal Œconomique as an infallable means of preventing cabbages being

being destroyed or injured by caterpillars; and perhaps it may be equally serviceable against those that infest other vegetables. Sow with hemp all the borders of the ground where you mean to plant your cabbage, and you will see with surprise, that, although the neighbourhood is infested with caterpillers, the space inclosed by the hemp will be perfectly free; not one of the vermin will approach it.

The Interesting History of the Count de Bellegarde; with a Description of the Sublime and Picturesque Scenery in the Pyrenean Mountains.

[From Celestina, a Novel, by Mrs. Charlotte Smith]

(Concluded from Page 386.)

"HAVING gained all the instruction I could, I left a letter to the Baron, who had long ceased to insist upon any parole; and telling him that being now well enough to return to my duty, I should merely see Jacquelina, take an eternal adieu, and then rejoin my regiment. I sat out alone in the night, and, taking bye roads, arrived at Perpignan.

"I found a brother of Jacquelina's, who was settled there: He confirmed all I had heard of the compulsion that had been used by the Count to force my unhappy wife to take the veil. He had threatened the destruction of her whole family: He had imprisoned her father, and assured her that I was dead. If I shuddered at this relation, judge how my tenderness, my regret, my rage was encreased when this brother of my Jacquelina went on to speak of what he thought I had known. That she became a mother during this inhuman persecution; and that an infant daughter then existed. My sister, too, had given birth to a daughter; and died in consequence of the anguish of mind she suffered at having her child taken from her. "Where are these children?" cried I, in an agony it is impossible to describe;—"Oh, carry me instantly where I may claim them!" "Alas, Sir!" replied my wife's brother, "my sister's child was taken by my mother, who, ill as she could afford it, would never part with it to the Count, who offered to provide for it; because she doubted what were his designs. She doubted, indeed, with reason, for the other baby was sent away to Bayonne, as was then said; but every thing relative to it was so secretly managed, that nobody knew for a long time what

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was become of it: And it was not till ſome time afterward that my ſiſter, who from her tender affection for Mademoiſelle Bellegarde, was as anxious for it as for her own, perſuaded me to enquire about it; for we all dreaded to hear that the Count, under the influence of the D'Aucheterres, had been very cruel indeed to it!

"Oh! Sir, reflect a moment on my feelings at this detail. In the ſame breath, I bade my informer go on with the account of all he knew of Ormond's child, and carry me to my own. The wildneſs of my impatience frightened him; he endeavoured to ſoothe me with aſſurances that my infant was living, and well, and then told me as gently as he could, that he had been guilty of a breach of promiſe in naming it, for that the Count had made the whole family enter into an agreement never to let me know any thing about the child.—Irritated by this new inſtance of barbarity, I ſwore, in a tranſport of paſſion, that I would have my daughter reſtored to me, or periſh in the attempt; and that I would find the child of my murdered ſiſter if I traverſed the world."—"Alas! my dear Chevalier," ſaid my wife's brother, "there will be danger enough for you even in attempting to ſee your own daughter; for the Count has never ceaſed to have it watched: But for that of your ſiſter, you will certainly never recover it. All my reſearches, which I aſſure you were not indolently nor feebly made, traced it no farther than in the houſe of a certain Madame de Pellatier at Bayonne, a friend of the preſent Madame de Bellegarde, who undertook"—

"Madame de Pellatier!" cried Willoughby, "Oh! eternal Heaven, are you ſure—merciful God! are you ſure it was Madame de Pellatier?"

Amazed at the vehemence and ſingular manner of Willoughby, for which he could ſo little account—the Count looked at him a moment, and then ſaid—"Am I ſure? Yes, very ſure—have you then any knowledge of Madame de Pellatier?"—"Oh! if I could tell you," cried Willoughby, in agitation that deprived him of his breath—"but I cannot—'tis impoſſible—yet thus much—Did you recover the daughter of your ſiſter—was ſhe ever reſtored to you?"—

"No, never," anſwered the Count, "all the intelligence I was long afterward to obtain was, that Madame de Pellatier had placed her in a convent at Hiers; but her name was changed, and before I could obtain, after my laſt return to France, even this information, the people who had received her were dead, and I could only gueſs from ſome memorandums

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kept in the convent, " that a child, whom I gueſſed to have been the ſame, was taken from thence by an Engliſh lady."—

" It is Celeſtina," cried Willoughby, in the wildeſt tranſport, " it is my own Celeſtina. She is mine again—without a doubt, without any impediment, mine!"—He was conſcious, that at that moment he was not in poſſeſſion of his ſenſes, ſo extravagant was his joy. The Count, accuſtomed as he had been to the impulſe of violent paſſions himſelf, was aſtoniſhed at this phrenzy, becauſe he comprehended not what had produced it, nor could Willoughby, for ſome moments, command himſelf enough to explain it; till at length, from this paroxyſm of agonizing joy he ſunk at once with as deep dejection, for the probability had occurred to him, that, at the very moment when he was exulting in having ſo wonderfully and ſo unexpectedly diſcovered the birth of Celeſtina, and thus recovered all his loſſes—ſhe was, perhaps, married—and no longer intereſted for him—nor ſolicitous to enquire on his account to whom ſhe belonged.

Then as every hour's delay might be fatal if this had not already happened, he determined to ſet out inſtantly for England. The wonder, however, with which he ſaw the Count ſurvey him recalled his wandering and bewildered ſenſes; and as well as he could, though very incoherently and inarticulately, he related his hiſtory to the Count ———

Monſieur de Bellegarde had not a doubt but that the Celeſtina of Willoughby was his niece; every circumſtance, as they became cool enough to compare them, anſwered exactly. Convinced of this, and becoming every inſtant more partial to his gueſt, the Count now entered with the warmeſt intereſt into all his apprehenſions leſt he ſhould loſe her; and approved of his haſtening inſtantly back to England—Willoughby now intreated him to return to the caſtle, that he might not waſte a moment—for on the event of a moment, perhaps, ſaid he, my life depends. As they returned, however, the Count concluded his own hiſtory, and Willoughby, ſince Celeſtina was concerned in it, commanded that portion of attention which, perhaps, no other ſubject, however otherwiſe intereſting, could at that moment have commanded.

" I was not deterred," ſaid the Count de Bellegarde, " by any of the threats that my father had uttered; but I flew to the convent where Jacquelina was. It was gueſſed by my impatience and ardour who I was—and I was refuſed admittance to the grate. I then had recourſe to the diſguiſe of a female dreſs; and, in deſpite of all the menaces that had been

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thrown out against their family, I prevailed on one of her ſiſters to accompany me."

"I ſaw her!—but ſhe did not know me.—Her eyes were caſt down; ſhe was pale and thin—reſignation and patience ſeemed to have ſoftened the horrors of her deſtiny—but they gave to her faded beauty an intereſt ſo powerful, that I never loved her ſo ardently as that moment—I would have forced myſelf through the grate, which was one of thoſe that are ſo narrow as ſcarcely to admit a hand.—I threw myſelf againſt it—I ſpoke to her—ſhe then knew me, and caught hold of the bars to ſave herſelf from falling—I kiſſed her hand in the wildeſt tranſport—I beſought her to remember, that her vows were not—could not be binding, either in the ſight of God or man!—that ſhe was my wife; and that againſt the infamous tyranny that had divided us, all nature revolted." Thus I raved, while tears, ſuch as angels ſhed, fell from her lovely eyes—"Oh! Bellegarde," ſaid ſhe, when ſhe was able to ſpeak, "This is all vain and frantic rage!—learn, my dear, dear friend, to ſubmit, as I do, to a fate, which, cruel as it is, is inevitable—I am dead to you!—for from hence, no power, no force can now releaſe me—ah! they told me you were no more—or never, never would I have taken thoſe vows, which my heart refuſed!—But it is done!—and this ſhort moment is the laſt we ſhall ever have!" At this inſtant the ſuperior of the convent, and ſeveral nuns appeared, and ſeverely reproaching her, forced her from the grate.—"Inhuman," ſaid ſhe,—"even this laſt moment is denied me!—farewell my dear Bellegarde—farewell for ever—believe I am dead; and transfer the tenderneſs you felt for your Jacquelina—to her little Anzoletta—in her I ſtill live." This ſentence was hardly articulate, amid the efforts her perſecutors made to force her away—when I loſt ſight of her, again I threw myſelf frantically againſt the grate that divided, I beat my head againſt it—fury and deſpair poſſeſſed me anew—and I became, for ſome days, again inſenſible—or ſenſible to nothing but the ſight of my little girl, whoſe innocent ſmiles appeaſed my rage, and made me recollect that there was yet a being in the world for whom I ought to live.

"Every calm interval was employed in projects, more wild, perhaps, than my wildeſt ravings; to force Jacquelina from her accurſed impriſonment. I talked about it continually to her brothers, and perſuaded myſelf that nothing was impoſſible to a man ſo injured, and ſo attached as I was. My father, however, was too powerful in a province, where he was Governor, and in a community into which he had influence to get Jacquelina

lina received, notwithstanding her resistance, and even her marriage. At this time, power did every thing in France, and nature and justice were silenced—thank God it is so no longer!"

In this ejaculation, Willoughby most sincerely joined, and the Count proceeded :—

"My father, as I was about to observe, was too well served to leave me any probability of success in this mad project; far from being able to procure the liberty of my wife, I could not preserve my own—but was, under pretence of my insanity, carried away a prisoner from Perpignan; and the only favour the Baron could obtain for me was, that I might be confined in his house in Normandy.—Here I remained only a short time, sunk again into the impotent sullenness of despair, when the regiment, to which I belonged, was ordered to America, and my father desired I might go. I wished for death—and had I had any motives to desire life, my honour compelled me not to hesitate. For America then I embarked; and on my arrival, my first care was to enquire for the English regiment, in which my friend Ormond had a company. I heard, from deserters, that it had suffered greatly in the beginning of the war, and was ordered back to England. Even the mournful satisfaction which I had promised myself in embracing my friend, the husband of my beloved unfortunate Genevieve, seemed thus to be denied me; and every circumstance contributed to promote that desperation, that impatience of life, which is the effect of incurable calamity.

"Before I left France, I had recommended my infant Anzoletta to the care of the Baron, in case of my death, and secured to her all the property that would be at my disposal, on the death of my father. I thought, that were Jacquelina dead, I should think of her with less painful regret, than I did now; languishing within the walls of a monastery; of my natural friends, only the Baron, and D'Ermenonville, affected to feel any interest in my fate: The former was now deeply engaged in the duties of his profession as a soldier; and for the latter, he was decidedly a disciple of Epicurus—and made it a rule of his life to enjoy every possible pleasure, and avoid every possible pain—of course, my loss would be but slightly felt by either of my brothers—and my father—for so many years my persecutor and tyrant, would rejoice at it. I continually sought death as my only refuge against the evils he had inflicted upon me; and what was called bravery, was, in fact, despair.

" In one of the rencontres which our troops and the revolted Americans had with the English army, it was my chance to be stationed to defend a small post on the borders of an immense wood, with a small detachment of French. The engagement was warm between the main bodies; but the troops, under my command, were not called into the action. Impatient to be thus idle, I sent one of my aid-de-camps to the General, representing, that we were absolutely useless where we were, and entreating his leave to advance; when he returned and told me, that the battle was over with disputed success; that the English had suffered greatly, particularly in their officers; while the Americans and French, hardly in a better condition, were making their retreat, which I was directed to cover with my fresh troops. I advanced, therefore, through the wood by the way I was directed; and after proceeding half a mile, I met a party of Indians, in the interest of the colonists, carrying with them an English officer, who was, they said, mortally wounded. By his uniform, he appeared to be of rank—I approached him, and spoke to him in French. Judge of my sensations, when I saw in this dying prisoner my friend, my Ormond!—Not even the calls of duty were so pressing as those of friendship.—I even deliberated a moment, whether I should not hazard every thing to attend him myself—but when I expressed this, though he could hardly speak, he conjured me to go on, and merely to take him out of the hands of the Indians.—" I know I must die," said the gallant fellow, " but I would die in your hands—if you can, without injury to your honour, grant me such an indulgence." I ordered a guard to convey him with the utmost care, to the nearest French quarters; and then hastening to obey the orders I had received, I had the happiness, successfully, to execute them; and having done so, hurried to my friend.

" I found he had received every assistance which in the situation we then were, could be given him: He was easy, and though his wounds were mortal, his death was not likely to happen immediately.

" He thanked me, as soon as he again saw me, for my attention to him—and then eagerly asked me after his wife—and his child—" but she is dead," cried he—" my Genevieve is dead; I was but too certain of that before I left Europe."—My silence, my tears, confirmed the sad truth. " Well, my dear Chevalier," cried he, clinging my hand, " I am following her fast—I knew what you would tell me of my infant—of that dear pledge of my Genevieve's affection. Your inhuman father

father has eluded your ſearch, as he did mine. Oh! I could curſe him!—but I will not, becauſe he is your father. If ever your friendly ſolicitude for the offspring of your ſiſter, and your friend, ſhould enable you to diſcover her, give her theſe pictures—they are thoſe of her father—of his favourite ſiſter;—of her mother—ſee" added he,—"this reſemblance of Genevieve which ſhe gave me, when I received the dear avowal of her love; never till now has it left my boſom—and I conjure you, Bellegarde, never to part with it, till you place it on that of my daughter.

"My noble friend lingered a few days longer—not in great pain, however, and perfectly ſenſible—and then, in my arms, he reſigned his gallant ſpirit to his God.

"This loſs added ſtrength to the gloomy reſolution I had before made to die. Among my friend's papers, which, by his order, his ſervant delivered to me, after his death, I found a narrative of all he had done, after his releaſe from impriſonment in the Baſtile, at the demand of the Engliſh Ambaſſador (for he was there part of the time that I was, though we never ſaw each other), to gain admittance to his wife, and to have his child reſtored to him—and ſuch an abhorrence did this add to that I had already conceived againſt my father, that I could not bear the name of Bellegarde; nor endure to think of returning to breathe the ſame air with a man whom I conſidered as a monſter.

"To France, however, I returned—without even a wound in all the hazards to which I had voluntarily expoſed myſelf. This inhuman father was ſtill living—but my brother, the Baron de Rochemarte, had fallen at the head of his regiment, at the attack made on the iſland of Jerſey—and I ſucceeded to his fortune—a fortune, which, ample as it was, could make me no amends for the excellent kind brother I had loſt.

"Alas! I had loſt two brothers—and two friends equally dear to me—they were not to be recalled—but I ſtill found a gloomy kind of ſatisfaction in complying with their laſt requeſts. That of my brother de Rochemarte was, that I would take his name; and moſt willingly I quitted that of Bellegarde—the dying requeſt of my beloved friend I endeavoured—ah! how vainly endeavoured to fulfil—I never could diſcover his daughter till this fortunate day!

"But my reſidence among the Americans, had awakened in my mind a ſpirit of freedom. The miſeries, the irreparable injuries I had received from ill-placed and exorbitant power, prompted me to aſſert it. I was now poſſeſſed of conſiderable

property—useless to me, because Jacquelina could not share it—though comparatively free myself, I was wretched. In this disposition, it may easily be imagined, that if I possessed the power, I was not without inclination to add fewel to that fire, which immediately after the end of the war in America, was kindled, though it yet burnt but feebly in France. I wrote—I acted upon my newly acquired principles, with the energy of a sufferer, and with the resolution of a martyr. I was already the martyr of despotism, and ruined in my happiness for ever. I knew that all the vengeance I could excite could injure me no fa ther.

" I now saw Jacquelina—but she was still pining within her convent.—I saw my child—I held her to the grate while her mother bedewed her little hands with tears, which I kissed off! It was a scene to move every heart but such as inhabited the breast of my father! Again, the hopelessness of rescuing my wife from her cruel bonds, gave him occasion to put other fetters on me. In the rashness of my desperation, I said, I wrote, I acted such things as made me be considered by government as a dangerous person. My father took advantage of my rashness—he represented me as being disordered in my senses, and obtained an order for shutting me up in the fortress of Mont St. Michel.

" Between four and five years had I been a captive in that gloomy prison, when the glorious flame of liberty, of which I only saw the first feeble rays, burst forth—I regained my personal freedom, when my country became free—I found my father dead!—Every thing he could give away, his wife possessed, but this, and some other of his estates, were mine—and D'Ermenonville gave me, with the lands which then gave the title of Bellegarde, the name, which I abhor; and which, though it is yet given me by the people, who have been accustomed to give it to the head of my family, I will not keep—but take that of Montignac, which is my untitled name, the original designation of our family.

" The first use I made of the general and particular freedom, in which I rejoiced, was to fly to Perpignan—but the moment is not yet come, when I can deliver my imprisoned Jacquelina. I am, however, assured, that she will very soon be restored to me; in that hope I came hither to attend to my long-neglected affairs, and to enjoy the society of my daughter. Even greater happiness has been the consequence of my abode here than I dared to hope; for by you, my friend, toward whom, the moment I saw you, I was impelled by an invincible propensity,

I shall

I ſhall recover the dear orphan child of Genevieve and Ormond.

"In a few days I ſhall go back to Perpignan; leave Anzoletta again in the care of her mother's family, and then haſten to aſſiſt in the glorious buſineſs of ſecuring the liberty of France—yes!—the immortal work of defending myriads yet unborn from ever ſuffering the oppreſſions, under which I have groaned."

Here the Count de Bellegarde ended his narrative; and Willoughby with an inexpreſſible contrariety of ſenſations—joy and hope—fear and apprehenſion—being furniſhed with every aſſurance he could wiſh, of the real parents of Celeſtina, took a tender leave of the Count and Anzoletta, whoſe voice was to him as the voice of a ſeraph, promiſing him felicity to come, and he then departed, as had been agreed upon between him and the Count, for Perpignan, where he delivered, at the grate, a letter to Jacquelina—of whom the Count had deſired that ſhe would deſcribe to Willoughby any particulars of the perſon of his wife, which ſhe recollected—for in her care the infant Celeſtina had been left a few weeks.

With trembling impatience Willoughby waited while the intereſting, and ſtill lovely nun peruſed this letter—and heard her, while his heart ſunk with apprehenſion, thus deſcribe the child of her unfortunate friend—

"She was," ſaid Jacquelina, "fairer than my child, and her features greatly reſembled thoſe of her father.—On her neck, a little on the left ſide, were three remarkable, though diminutive, moles."—"It is enough," ſaid Willoughby, "thoſe moles are on the lovely neck of Celeſtina—a thouſand times have I kiſſed them as we played together in our infancy—and here on this portrait of her, drawn when ſhe was about twelve years old, they are deſcribed."

Jacquelina kiſſed the picture.—"Little as can be judged from a likeneſs done ſo many years afterward, I feel an aſſurance," ſaid ſhe, "that this is a picture of my Genevieve's child. May Heaven grant her thoſe bleſſings which, in its unſearchable decrees, it refuſed to my lovely, luckleſs friend."—Willoughby, who would not have been a moment detained by any interview leſs intereſting, or leſs neceſſary, now took his leave, and with the utmoſt expedition, though all he could make, anſwered but ill to his impatience, he haſtened on toward England.

To

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

THE pleaſing appearances of the opening ſpring, the promiſing riches of the luxuriant ſeaſon, moſt ſtrenuouſly call forth our ſincere acknowledgements to Him who "crowneth the year with his goodneſs."

Various are the reflections, and beautiful ſimiles and leſſons drawn from the beauties of the ſoul-reviving ſpring—the moſt able penmen have been engaged therein; but, their neareſt repreſentation falls ſhort of her perfections;—however, they are highly inſtructive and praiſe-worthy.

The following reflections on the buds and bloſſoms of trees, are tranſcribed, *verbatim*, from a little pamphlet, lately publiſhed, called "The Wonders of Creation; or, Contemplations on the Works of God. Written originally in German, by C. C. Strum, and tranſlated into Engliſh, by a Clergyman, in the dioceſe of London."—I beg, Mr. Printer, you will give them a place in a page of two of your Weekly Entertainer, for the peruſal of thoſe of your juvenile readers who have not yet had the opportunity of peruſing the pamphlet itſelf; and, if they meet their eſteem, and they chuſe to purchaſe it, I hereby aſſure them, there are many more excellent and inſtructive leſſons in it.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

W. P.

Caſtle-Cary, April, 1792.

Reflections on the Buds and Bloſſoms of Trees.

AT this ſeaſon of the year, when our gardens and fields are adorned with all the ornaments of ſpring, all nature appears under the ſame delightful and pleaſing aſpect. The power of that firſt word, pronounced by the Almighty, who, in forming the world, "commanded and it was created," has produced all theſe magnificent effects. One ſupreme power alone, the firſt cauſe and ſovereign of all, has now renewed the face of the earth, and, as it were, recreated it for the uſe and pleaſure of man. It is God alone who calls forth the ſpring.—It is He alone who commands its appearance at this ſeaſon.

Come, O man, and try what thy wiſdom and power can execute. Art thou in a ſtate to command a ſingle tree to blow, or a ſingle

a ſingle leaf to appear? Ye celebrated artiſts and painters, attend, contemplate theſe bloſſoms, examine theſe exquiſite maſter-pieces, with the moſt ſcrupulous attention. Do they want any thing to render them perfect? Do you find any defect in the arrangement of their colours; in their formation and proportion? Can your pencil expreſs the bluſhing redreſs of the peach-bloſſom? Can it deſcribe the pure enamel, the uniformity and ſimplicity of the cherry in bloom? How evident does the Lord appear in every part of the creation! Through all, and in all, his power is obviouſly ſeen. Every bloſſom and every flower preach to us the divine goodneſs and wiſdom extended over all the earth. We may obſerve an infinite variety in the bloſſoms of trees—all are beautiful, but their beauties are different; one exceeds another, but there is none which is not valuable for ſome beauty peculiar to it. However liberal and beneficent the Creator may have been in the diſtribution of his gifts, he ſtill reſerves to himſelf the liberty of imparting to ſome more than to others. But the difference exiſts only in reſpect to their different qualities. One tree, for inſtance, has bloſſoms perfectly white, while others are red, blue, or purple. Others again enhance the beauty of their form and colours by their exquiſite fragrancy and perfumes; but all theſe varieties, however multiplied, do not affect, in any degree, their fruitfulneſs and real value.

Thus, notwithſtanding the Almighty may not beſtow upon us the ſame advantages which prevail in ſome of our brethren, we ought to be neither diſturbed nor diſcouraged. The loſs of ſome accidental qualities, of whatever nature they may be, takes nothing from our true and real happineſs. Though we are not ſo rich, ſo conſiderable in rank, or of ſo fine a form and figure as others, we may, notwithſtanding, be full as happy, full as virtuous, full as valuable in the ſight of God, full as rich in good works. If we produce fruits of piety and virtue, we poſſeſs true excellence. For why do bloſſoms of trees delight us more than the rich colours of the tulip, the auricula, or ranunculus? It is becauſe the pleaſures ariſing from the latter are ſhort and fleeting, whilſt thoſe of the former excite in us the hopes and proſpect of delicious fruits.

Let us not therefore confine our attention to the outward charms and attractions of a fine flower; beauty, complexion, and other exterior advantages of this nature, ſoon fade, therefore are not qualities eſſential to durable and permanent happineſs. It is indeed a melancholy conſideration, that all the bluſhing beauties which we admired in the bloſſoms of

trees,

trees, during the ſpring, diſappear in ſo ſhort a time; ſuch alſo will ſoon be the lot of thoſe charms and attractions we are ſo fond of in the gay ſeaſon of youth. Oh may this conſideration, therefore, ever attend us in our ſolitary walks at this ſeaſon! and may it henceforth be our principal ſtudy, whenever the bloom and beauty of our perſons ſhall decay and diſappear, to replace them with the fruits of piety and virtue!

When I reflect on the buds and opening flowers, they remind me of you, ye amiable youth of either ſex. The beauty and vigour of your minds and underſtanding are not yet unfolded; your faculties lie, in a great meaſure, hid, and concealed.—The hopes and expectations which your parents and teachers conceive of you are not yet realized. Therefore, whenever you attend your parents and friends into the fields and gardens, conſider theſe buds of flowers, and reflect thus with yourſelves:—

"In this flowering bud I behold myſelf; my parents, and teachers, wait with anxiety for the unfolding and opening of my talents and faculties.—They do every thing to improve me, they neglect nothing to inform and inſtruct me.—They watch, with the moſt tender ſolicitude, over my education, to the end that, firſt by flowers, and afterwards by good fruit, I may become their delight and comfort. Oh that I did all in my power to anſwer their hopes and expectations, that I may reap the benefit of their culture and inſtruction, and daily become more wiſe, more fruitful, and more worthy of their care and attention! For this purpoſe I will take every precaution to reſtrain my heart from thoſe deſires and paſſions of youth that may be fatal to my innocence, and effectually deſtroy thoſe hopes which my friends entertain of me. In the ſpring and morning of life I bloſſom like the opening flower—my youthful heart beats with joy, reſigns itſelf to the moſt pleaſing expectations, and has nothing but a happy proſpect in view—but, if I am ſo imprudent as to give acceſs to mad deſires, and to entertain falſe hopes of pleaſure, theſe guilty flames will never ceaſe to burn till they have dried up every blooming faculty and power of the mind, and my youth becomes as withered and fruitleſs as the blighted branch or barren fig-tree."

Short Account of a curious Parrot.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

MR. THOMAS NASH, of this town, baker, has now in his poſſeſſion a grey parrot, which has been twenty years

years and upwards in Falmouth, during all which time it has had no communication with any other bird. It has, however, within these few weeks past laid six or seven (I do not know which) eggs, which are of a white colour, about the size of and very much resembling pigeons' eggs. This bird never laid an egg before, since it has been in Falmouth, until it laid those abovementioned. I am not certain that there is anything very uncommon in this matter; but it appears to me, and several others, to be very remarkable, wherefore I have given you this account of it.

I am, your very humble servant,

JOHN TRESIDDER.

Falmouth, March 29, 1792.

The History of the Life of Baron Trenck. In which is introduced a particular Account of the extraordinary Sufferings which he underwent by Command of the late King of Prussia.

[Extracted from his own Narrative.]

(*Continued from Page* 381.)

MY cousin, Baron Trenck, died in the Spielberg, October 4, 1749, and left me his heir, on condition I should only serve the house of Austria. In March, 1750, Count Bernes received the citation sent me to enter on this inheritance. I would hear nothing of Vienna; the abominable treatment of my cousin terrified me. I well knew the origin of his prosecution, the services he had rendered his country, and had been an eye-witness of the injustice by which he was repaid. Bernes, however, represented that the property left me was worth much above a million; that the Empress would support me in the pursuit of justice, and that I had no personal enemy at Vienna; that a million of certain property, in Hungary, was much superior to the highest expectations in Russia, where I myself had beheld so many changes of fortune, and the effects of family cabals. Russia he painted as dangerous, Vienna as secure, and promised me himself effectual assistance, as his embassy would end within the year.

Hyndford spoke to me in the same tone, assured me of his eternal protection, and described London as a certain asylum, should I not find happiness at Vienna. He spoke of slavery as

a Briton ought to ſpeak, reminded me of the fate of Munich and Oſterman, painted the court ſuch as I knew it to be, and aſked what were my expectations, even were I fortunate enough to become General, or Miniſter, in ſuch a country?

Theſe reaſonings, at length, determined me; but having plenty of money, I thought proper to take Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Holland, in my way; and Bernes was, in the mean time, to prepare me a favourable reception at Vienna. He deſired, alſo, I would give him authority to get poſſeſſion of the eſtates to which I was heir. My miſtreſs ſtrongly endeavoured to detain me, but yielded, at length, to the force of reaſon. I tore myſelf away, and promiſed, on my honour, to return as ſoon as I had arranged my affairs at Vienna. She made the propoſition of inveſting me with ſome foreign embaſſy, by which I might render the moſt effectual ſervices to the Court of Vienna. In this hope we parted with heavy hearts: She preſented me with her portrait, and a ſnuff-box ſet with diamonds: The firſt of theſe, three years afterward, was torn from my boſom by the officers in my firſt dungeon at Magdeburg, as I ſhall hereafter relate. The Chancellor embraced me, at parting, with friendſhip. Apraxin wept, and claſped me in his arms, propheſying, at the ſame time, I ſhould never be ſo happy as in Ruſſia. I myſelf foreboded misfortune, and quitted Ruſſia with regret, but ſtill followed the advice of Hyndford and Bernes.

From Moſcow I travelled to Peterſburgh, where I found a letter, at the houſe of Baron Wolf, the banker, from the Counteſs, which rent my very heart, and almoſt determined me to return. She endeavoured to terrify me from proceeding to Vienna, yet incloſed a bill for four thouſand rubles, to aid me on my journey, were I abſolutely bent to turn my back on fortune.

My effects, in money and jewels, amounted to about thirty-ſix thouſand florins: I therefore returned the draught, intreated her eternal remembrance, and that ſhe would reſerve her favour and ſupport to times in which they might become needful. After remaining a few days at Peterſburgh, I journeyed, by land, to Stockholm; taking with me letters of recommendation from all the Foreign Envoys.

I forgot to mention that Funk was inconſolable for my departure; his imprudence had nearly plunged me into miſery, and deſtroyed all my hopes in Ruſſia. Twenty-two years after this I met the worthy man once more in Dreſden. He, there, conſidered himſelf as the cauſe of all the evils inflicted on me,

and

and aſſured me the recital of my ſufferings had been ſo many cutting and bitter reproaches to his ſoul. Our recapitulation of former times gave us endleſs pleaſure, and it was the ſweeteſt of joys to meet and renew my friendſhip with ſuch a man, after having weathered ſo many ſtorms of fate.

At Stockholm I wanted for no recommendation: The Queen, ſiſter to the great Frederic, had known me at Berlin, when I had the honour, as an officer of the body-guard, of accompanying her to Stettin. I related my whole hiſtory to her without reſerve. She, from political motives, adviſed me not to make any ſtay in Stockholm, and to me continued, till death, an ever gracious lady. I proceeded to Copenhagen, where I had buſineſs to tranſact for M. Chaiſe, the Daniſh Envoy, at Moſcow; from whom, alſo, I had letters of recommendation. Here I had the pleaſure of meeting my old friend, Lieutenant Bach, who had aided me in my eſcape from my impriſonment at Glatz. He was poor, and in debt, and I procured him protection, by relating the noble manner in which he had behaved. I alſo preſented him with five hundred ducats, by the aid of which he puſhed his fortune. He wrote to me, in the year 1776, a letter of ſincereſt thanks, and died a Colonel of Huſſars in the Daniſh ſervice in 1779.

I remained in Copenhagen but a fortnight, and then ſailed, in a Dutch ſhip, from Elſinour for Amſterdam. Scarcely had we put to ſea before a ſtorm aroſe, by which we loſt a maſt and our bowſprit, had our ſails ſhattered, and were obliged to caſt anchor among the rocks of Gottenburg, where our deliverance was ſingularly fortunate.

Here we lay nine days before we could make the open ſea, and here I found a very pleaſant amuſement, by going daily in the ſhip's boat from rock to rock, attended by two of my ſervants, to ſhoot wild ducks, and catch ſhell-fiſh; whence I every evening returned with proviſions, and ſheep's milk, bought of the poor inhabitants for the ſhip's crew.

There was a dearth among theſe poor people. Our veſſel was laden with corn; ſome of this I purchaſed, to the amount of ſome hundreds of Dutch florins, and diſtributed wherever I went. I alſo gave one of their miniſters a hundred florins for his poor congregation, who was himſelf in want of bread, and whoſe annual ſtipend did not amount to 150 florins.

Here, in the ſweet pleaſure of doing good, I left behind me much of that money I had ſo eaſily acquired in Ruſſia; and, perhaps, had we ſtaid much longer, ſhould myſelf have left the place in poverty. A thouſand bleſſings followed me, and the

ſtorm-driven Trenck was long remembered and talked of at Gottenburg.

In this worthy employment, however, I had nearly loſt my life. Returning from carrying corn, the wind roſe, and drove the boat to ſea. I not underſtanding the management of the helm, and the ſervant aukwardly handling the ſails, the boat, in tacking, was overſet. The benefit of learning to ſwim I again experienced, and my faithful ſervant, who had gained the rock, aided me when almoſt ſpent. The good people, who had ſeen the ſhallop overſet, came off in their boats to my aſſiſtance. An honeſt Calmuc, whom I had brought from Ruſſia, and another of my ſervants periſhed. I ſaw the firſt ſink after I had reached the ſhore.

(To be continued.)

An Anſwer, by R. Gilbert, of Crediton, to P. Baſtow's Queſtion, inſerted December 26.

LET x repreſent the greater number, and y the leſſer; then per queſtion $xx+yy=2501.0996$, and $xx+xy+yy=4745.6996$; now by extracting the ſquare root of this equation there is found a remainder $=4$, and therefore the queſtion cannot be anſwered as it now ſtands; but by ſubtracting 4 from the equation $xx+xy+yy=4741.6996$, admitting this to be the right number, after a proper algebraical proceeding, x will be found $=42.5$, and $y=26.36$, which I ſuppoſe are the numbers Mr. Baſtow required.

Anſwer, by A. Apſey, of Taunton, to M. M.'s Anagram, inſerted February 6.

IN Somerſet's a town call'd CHARD;
Take off the C, then 'twill be hard;
Tranſpoſe a letter, change it right,
'Twill be as dark as any night.

‡ We have received the like anſwer from T. Giles, of Bridgewater; Eremita, of Weſton Zoyland; Leonidas, and W. Baker, of Totnes; T. Sparkes junior, Exeter; A. Pinn, and John Miller, of Exmouth; P. Lyttleton, Tywardreath; J. Collins, Uffculm; Virginopis, Buckfaſtleigh; J. Bulgin, Caſtle Cary; J. Duckham, Tiverton; W. Brown, Taunton; and T. Scadding, of Wellington.

Anſwer,

Answer, by J. Collins, of Uffculm, to J. K. C.'s Charade, inserted February 13.

HEART-BREAKER's a ringlet oft worn by the fair,
And is the dark mystery you'd have us declare.

‡†‡ We have received the like answer from Furze Stub, of Long Moor.

Answer, by Sheptoniensis, to R. I. M.'s Charade, inserted the 20th of February.

LEGHORN is a place of great trade,
That doth flourish within Europe's bound;
And it was by an Englishman* made
The best port that's in Italy found.

The port was made open and free
To all nations by this man's advice;
By which you in hist'ry may see,
That 'tis called the Jews' paradise.

† We have received the like answer from Primœvus, near Ugborough; Amico Crewkerniensis; a friend, and W. Baker, of Totnes; R. H. Creed; J. Littleton, of Lostwithiel; P. Lyttleton, Tywardreath; J. Thomas, Gluvias; A. Branwell, near St. Austell; Alutarius, of Buckfastleigh; W. S. T. Whicker, T. Sparkes jun. and W. Wouldby, of Exeter; A. Pinn, of Exmouth; T. Giles, of Bridgewater; T. Whibby, South Petherton; Furze Stub, of Long Moor; R. Liscombe, Newton Abbot; T. Coumbe, St. German's; S. Shapton, Awliscombe; W. Hodgson, near Fowey; Virginopis, Buckfastleigh; T. Walker, Hemyock; J. M. A. near Sherborne; W. J. Wellington; J. Duckham, W. Brewer, and A. Apsey, of Taunton; S. Hill, Dawlish; J. Collins, of Uffculm; and J. Ralph, of Wellington.

A QUESTION, by Fidelio, of Bath.

GIVEN the sum of the two shortest sides of a plane triangle = 24, and the area a maximum, to find the sides and area.

POETRY.

* Sir Robert Dudley, w[illegible]n to Queen Elizabeth's favourite, the Earl of Leicester.

P O E T R Y.

Ode, written at Eaglehurſt, which commands a View of Spithead, October 10, 1790.

By Henry James Pye, *Eſq. Poet Laureat.*

PROUD o'er yon diſtant ſurge, behold
  Britannia's fleet majeſtic ride!
Where, as her flags in many a fold,
Float high in æther's ambient tide,
Warm courage beats from every eye,
Stern Indignation's pulſe beats high;
  And, kindling at the warlike ſight,
Vengeance, with firm but temperate voice,
Reſponſive to a nation's choice,
  Demands the promis'd fight.

How mild the ſun's meridian rays!
How blue the heavens! How ſoft the breeze
  That o'er the waving foreſt plays,
And gently curls the rippling ſeas!
But ſoon November's wintry hour,
Arm'd with the tempeſt's tyrant power,
  Shall rouſe the clouds' embattled hoſt,
Sweep from the woods their leafy pride,
  And daſh the wave's infuriate tide
Againſt the howling coaſt.

So in each ſhip's ſtupendous womb,
Now gently floating on the deep,
  Peaceful as in the ſilent tomb,
The dæmons of deſtruction ſleep—
But wak'd by war's terrific roar,
Prompt o'er each deſolated ſhore
  Their hell-directed flight to urge,
And leading ſlaughter's horrid train,

With

With hetacombs of warriors ſlain,
To load th' empurpled ſurge.

What tho' at proud Iberia's chiefs
The ſpear of vengeance Britain aims,
Shall ſhe not mourn a people's griefs,
Their dying ſons, their weeping dames?
Nor ſhall ſhe ev'n with tearleſs eye,
Yon gallant navy e'er deſcry,
Returning o'er the weſtern flood;
For ah! the laurel's greeneſt bough
That ever crown'd Victoria's brow,
Is ſurely ting'd with blood.

Tho' blaze the ſplendid fires around,
The arks of triumph proudly riſe;
Tho' Fame her loudeſt pæan ſound,
And notes of conqueſt rend the ſkies;
Alas! in ſome ſequeſter'd cell,
Her ſlaughter'd lover's funeral knell,
In every ſhout the lover hears;
And as the ſtrain of victory flows,
More ſwell the widow'd matron's woes,
And faſter fall her tears.

Tho' from this cliff, while Fancy views
Yon ſquadrons darken half the main,
See dreſs'd in Glory's brighteſt hues
The pride of Albion's naval reign;
Yet, as Reflexion's mirror ſhews
Th' attendant ſcenes of death and woes,
Th' exulting hopes of conqueſt ceaſe;
She turns from War's deluſive form,
To deprecate th' impending ſtorm,
And breathes her vows for peace.

TO AN UNFORTUNATE BEAUTY.

POOR wand'rer! how ſhall that weak form,
So looſely clad in veſture light,
Endure the malice of the ſtorm,
The rudeneſs of the winter's night?

And does a ſmile your cheek illume?
Alas, that faint and feeble glow

Is

Is like the flower's untimely bloom,
  Drooping amidst a waste of snow.

Poor girl, you sigh: You would unfold
  The course of sorrow you have run:
A simple story, quickly told:—
  You lov'd, believ'd, and were undone!

Why weep you, as my hand you press?
  Why on my features gaze and sigh?
Would no one pity your distress?
  None listen to your tale, but I?

Alas! a pittance scant, I fear,
  Is all the joy I can bestow;
I can but wipe away one tear,
  One moment from a life of woe.

Yet e'en for this your grateful eye
  To Heaven is rais'd: Poor girl, adieu:
To scenes of senseless mirth *I* fly,
  To poverty and sickness *you!*

O.

ON OPPRESSION.

OPPRESSION! fiend of bloody hue!
  Monster of misshapen form!
Fly, oh fly, my troubled view!
  Avert far hence thy ruthless storm!
Offspring of guilt! Thou child of sin!
  Thou tool of lawless power!
Cease, oh cease, thy horrid grin!
  On man no longer low'r!
Of human ills the greatest source,
  Alas! how oft hast thou,
Impell'd by fierce, tyrannic force,
  E'en kingdoms plung'd in woe?
But liberty, Heaven's choicest gift!
  With unresisted sway,
Shall soon her glorious standard lift,
  And tyrants chace away.
Away—as sink the moon and stars in night,
Constrain'd to yield to Sol's superior light.

L.